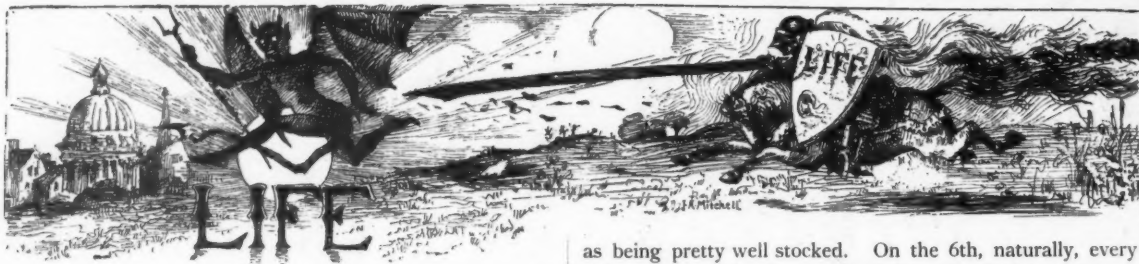


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PROGRESS.

Youth of the Period, to small boy: YOU ARE ONLY A NUISANCE, MY LITTLE FRIEND, I CAN DO MUCH BETTER WITHOUT YOU.



VOL. IV. OCT. 16TH, 1884. NO. 94.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 50 cents per copy; Vols. II. and III., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THE progress which has been made in meteorological science is one of the most gratifying results of civilization. Twenty years ago the entire weather was owned and controlled by Ayer's Almanac, and no appeal against that monopoly could hold water for an instant in one of the courts. Frosts, hail, snow, wind, rain, thunder, lightning, hot waves, blizzards, tornadoes, cyclones, earthquakes, torchlight processions and other evils went and came exactly in accordance with the programme set down on the page devoted to liver pills and cough syrup; this led to many disasters. Sometimes the printer would forgetfully insert a snow storm right in the middle of July, and play snakes with camp-meetings or make another and give us a torrid wave in Christmas week, which would spoil all the sleighing and keep the girls from airing their new furs. Once the almanac went to press there was no helping the matter, and more than ever did the unfortunate alcoholic enthusiasm of the proof reader result in a mid-summer crop of chillblains or a January epidemic of sunstroke. Of late years, however, this has all been changed. The principal Lowell monopoly has been broken, and now we have Hazen, Devoe, Wiggins, Tice and thirty-eight almanacs to arrange the phenomena for us. Take the 7th of October, this year, for example. Hazen said it would be stationary, rising or falling temperature, followed by wind or calm, for the Middle Atlantic States, and for New England the reverse. This was a very daring prediction for Hazen to make, but he is in authority and cannot be interfered with.

Following came Devoe. He saw there would be cold or warm weather, preceded or accompanied by local rains or otherwise. Then Tice swooped down and declared we would have a frost if the temperature fell low enough; and if it did not, we would n't. Finally, Wiggins announced that a cyclone on that day would start from the Southwestern corner of Japan, and take a westerly course through Moscow, Naples and Louisville, Ky., bringing up in Long Island City about 7 P. M. Other phenomena of greater or less importance were contracted for by the thirty-eight almanacs, so that the 7th of October could safely be set down

as being pretty well stocked. On the 6th, naturally, every citizen prepared for the tumult of elements which was to come off, and laid in a stock of overshoes and fans, ulsters and seer-sucker coats to last through the day. But an unexpected complication arose. Devoe's warm wave encountered Tice's snow storm near Weehawken, and the local row which followed left both incompetent to carry out the plan for New York. Simultaneously, two of Hazen's variable winds went wrong and broke loose in New Jersey where they had no business at all, and Wiggins' cyclone got mixed up with several miscellaneous phenomena emanating from some of the unscrupulous thirty-eight almanacs, and arrived at Castle Garden in such a pitiful condition that the Signal officer took it home and put it to bed. The consequence was, that not one of the phenomena got in on time, and we had a clear morning, a warm afternoon, a rain at six P. M. and a sultry evening. At nine o'clock the fag end of Tice's blizzard swung over from the West Shore station and nearly froze to death a 34th St. cat, which had gone as usual to sleep on the roof under the early evening impression that we were going to have a hot night. Meantime, before morning, the remnant of the 38 almanac phenomena got in their fine work and gave us all the climate which could have been desired. The new system has trifling drawbacks, to be sure, but at least it is consoling to know that in any case we are bound to have plenty of weather, such as it is, and that the hideous monopoly, under which the country has so long groaned, is broken.

* * *

A CIGAR-PEDDLER in San Francisco has fallen heir to \$3,500,000 left him in England, and the *Chronicle* alludes to him as the "well-known, enterprising, migratory tobacconist."

* * *

IT is to be hoped that Mr. Bergh and his society will prefer charges against those persons who behaved so brutally to the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Jerome Park last week.

Mr. Evans was there on an errand of humanity and having paid his way in was going about his business as became one in his position and the attack upon him by Messrs. Withers and Munson was entirely uncalled for.

To say the least a Racing Club which passes rules prohibiting the agents of Mr Bergh's society from performing a work so thoroughly in the interests of humanity, is guilty of a gross violation of those unwritten laws which are more than all others the guides of human action.

For shame, gentlemen!

ing this unusual altitude as a result of the course of study pursued at the University?

We shall send no boys to this college until our questions are answered. Think of clothing one of those graduates!

HE PASSED THE PLATE.

"GID" Mandeville was washing some beer-glasses behind the bar of the "Hotel Lindenwald," one Saturday evening, when Pete Cole, a colored gentleman with a singular protuberance resembling a tumor in the vicinity of the breast-pocket, came shuffling in. Pete leaned up against the counter and reduced the swelling by pulling a bottle out of his pocket by a sort of eel-skinning process as the lining came with it. It was a close fit.

"What do you want, nigger?" asked "Gid," wiping the bar.

"Some 'freshments fo' Sunday, boss. I ain't got de 'brads' now, but I—I'll pay you Monday mornin' shuah."

"Gid" reflected a moment, looked at the bottle, set it down on the bar, took a chew of tobacco, and then glared at the colored man with a fiery eye.

"See here, nigger, do you pass the plate in church, to-morrow?"

"I does, boss; ebery Sunday, now. I 'se been deacon dar since las' fall."

"All right, then," said "Gid," tilting a demijohn, and pouring out the whiskey, "I'll trust you this time."

V. S.



O'BLAINE ABOO!

BOULD Shamus O'Blaine
Av the county av Maine,
Is the broth av a bye for ould Erin,
We'll elect him avic—
Ould England he'll lick.
Och! Him it's ould Vic 'll be tearin'.

Bould Rossa in state
At the President's gate,
Will sit wid a thumpin' shillaly.
He'll bate every rogue
Who has n't a brogue.
Och, hone! won't he lather thim gayly!

W. J. D.

AN UNFORTUNATE ERROR.

HE was standing near the Worth Monument, gazing with a pensive expression up the Avenue. His small black silk umbrella was encased in a neat cover, his genteel looking clothes fitted him to perfection, and his top-hat shone as resplendently as his patent leather shoes. Apparently, he was looking for a canary cab, but in reality his keen eyes sought a victim, for he was that industrious and persevering bunco-steerer who is commonly known by the *soubriquet* of "Well-fed Charley," and who has as many *aliases* as there are cities in the Union.

In the distance appeared a heavily built man, whose hat was pulled down over his eyes, half-shading his face, but whose gait and appearance betokened that he was not a New Yorker, and probably hailed from New England. Unsuspectingly he sauntered on. As he drew nearer, the bunco-man walked to meet him, and stopping him with outstretched hands, exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Mulligan! How d'ye do? When did you come to town? How'd ye leave all your folks?"

"Mulligan?" said the stranger, "What do you mean? How dare you call me *Mulligan*?"

"I beg pardon," apologized the bunco-steerer. "But is n't your name Mulligan?"

"No, Sir! Nothing to do with Mulligan, Sir! Never heard of the man, Sir! My name is James G. Blaine."

Twenty seconds later as the horizontal coat-tails of that bunco-man disappeared around the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Madison Avenue, the gentleman from Maine glanced at his watch and replaced it in his pocket.

"That's better running time than they made on the Fort Smith Road," remarked the great letter-writer drily. "I guess I'll go up and discuss the Prohibition amendment with Steve."

A FOUL-BALL—a chicken croquette.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY—unwary trout.

WELL MATCHED PAIR—A horsey man and a nagging wife.

AN EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

N. Y., AUG. 10, 1884.

EDITOR OF *Death*,

DEAR SIR:

CAN we not arrange an exchange with your intensely humorous journal? It is our desire to place our paper in your office and have you reciprocate.

Very truly,

EDITOR OF *Dependent*.

II.

N. Y., AUG. 12, 1884.

THE EDITOR OF *Dependent*,

DEAR SIR:

YOUR favor of the 10th received. In answer to your request, I would state that while your paper was formerly upon our exchange list, it was removed owing to your practice of clipping from our columns without giving credit. If you see fit to remedy this matter we will gladly comply with your request to exchange.

Yours truly,

ED. *Death*.

III.

AUG. 13th, '84.

EDITOR OF *Death*,

MY DEAR SIR:

YOU refer, of course, to the clippings that appeared in our columns of "Rocklets." The "Rocklets" are supposed to be picked up on the shore of any stream of humor that flows through our office. Often they are formed at our own well-spring; but we neither get credit nor give credit, the presumption being that the jokes are not our own. We could not, therefore, make an exception with *Death*.

Yours very truly,

EDITOR *Dependent*.

IV.

AUG. 15th, 1884.

EDITOR OF *Dependent*,

SIR:

WE note with pleasure your desire to "pick up a few little rocks on the shores of the stream of humor which flows from the office of *Death* through the office of the *Dependent*."

Permit me to call your attention to the fact that under the circumstances the "stream of humor which flows from" *Death* office will be dammed before it will flow through the office of the *Dependent*.

Cordially yours,

ED. *Death*.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

SHAKESPEARE asks: "Where was Fancy bred?"

Well, Mr. Bardofavon, the Vienna Bakery professes to fill the Bill, but if you cannot get satisfaction there, there are plenty of worse places in the city.

Come again, B'm.

MRS. LOCKWOOD denies that she is the coming man.

SOCIAL TORTURES NO. 1.



AN, as a social being, at a tender age begins to be the victim of the thoughtlessness, curiosity and cruelty of his fellow beings. Ill-placed and murderous pins, lacerate his tender flesh; his "crying for the light" is misunderstood and anathematized, instead of calling

forth kind pity as the wail of a dumb and helpless animal should.

His fresh, young palate is contaminated with sour milk; he is swathed in uncomfortable, ill-fitting garments, made by maiden aunts, not for him, but for the ideal, archetypal infant, which existed only in the minds of the well-intentioned needle-women, and each maiden-aunt of necessity had a distinct type of baby in her eye. Pause for a moment, pray, and imagine the discomfort of wearing garments, made at different periods of time, by various amateur tailors, who have never seen you. To a hardy, vigorous man this would be painful in the extreme; to a weak, puny infant it must be absolute torture, when at the same time the child's teeth are sprouting through its inflamed gums, and its cheeks are covered thick with a rash.

Leaving out of consideration the fact that the child is clad with "misfits," how his sensitive feelings must be harassed when his grandmother, aunts and other female relatives sur-



KEETCHER, KEETCHER, KEETCHER.

round him, crying out as one woman "Keetcher, keetcher, keetcher!" "Now, who does he look like?" When his bachelor uncle presents his watch to him to be blown open by his tired lungs, and his father, proud of his offspring, holds him upside down and makes hideous faces at him. Think of the misery of the little being fresh from the angels; in a hot room, under the blankets, left to the tender mercy of a stout monthly nurse, hardened by contact with a constant succession of such little angels.

These trials through, our mannikin is put into short clothes, these a legacy from his elder brother; he has a resplendent sash, wound around him to be sure, but an insulting bit is tied around his neck, the little angel's neck.

Now his serious tortures begin. His eldest brother taunts him with wearing cast-off clothing, and feeds him upon copper cents; or mayhap allows him to play with the big Noah's ark, and the artless creature, feeling his way into the realities of the world, sucks the purple paint from the camels, and the red and yellow spots from the tigers and guinea-pigs. His nose is thereupon held by merciless hands and a nauseous draught administered to him. The why and wherefore of this is never explained to him; an *ex parte* hearing is held, and on the evidence of the elder brother, the criminal, and the real testimony of the paint-smears upon the little rose-bud of a mouth, judgment is delivered and executed before any one can say "Jack Robinson."



A NAUSEOUS DRAUGHT IS ADMINISTERED TO HIM.

But it may be said that infants are habitually called "sunbeams of the household," or "wellsprings of joy."

But it is obvious that these metaphors are far beyond his comprehension, while the back-acting pin and the castor-oil are terrible realities; object lessons which he never forgets.

And now he has begun to talk; and thereupon his female relatives above-mentioned, instead of giving him the example of sensible and pure "English undefiled," inundate him with a flood of baby talk. He is encouraged to bring himself into

ridicule by calling a horse a "go-go," his father "du-de," and a locomotive "chew-chew."

Every new-comer asks him to say who she may be, as if the little chap cared a button, and when the badly-taught tongue stumbles, the ill-bred grown-up people roar with laughter at the mistake.

Can we wonder that the mortality among infants is so great?—that as soon as they get hold of the use of their hands and lungs, they do their best to express their disgust with the world in which they find themselves? Of course, they delight in smashing top-hats, pouring ink on the parlor carpet, and drawing rough caricatures of their relatives on the drawing-room paper. These trifling and natural retaliations are brutally suppressed with the stern applications of the slipper.

They become fractious and surly. The star-eyed angelkins grow into rude little boys, before whom new social tortures loom; all the dread terrors of school; of soap and water, and church-going.

MRS. SPRIGGINS WAXETH FACETIOUS.

"WAL, I ain't much surprised," said Mrs. Spriggins, chuckling and laying down her copy of the *Century*. "I ain't much surprised that the Cable's bust! That last chapter o' his 'n must have been a Sevier strain on his nervousness. Must have busted him all up to a thousand items!"

A CORSAGE BOUQUET.

MYRTILLA, to-night,
Wears *Jacqueminot* roses.
She's the loveliest sight!
Myrtilla to-night:—
Correspondingly light
My pocketbook closes.
Myrtilla, to-night,
Wears *Jacqueminot* roses.

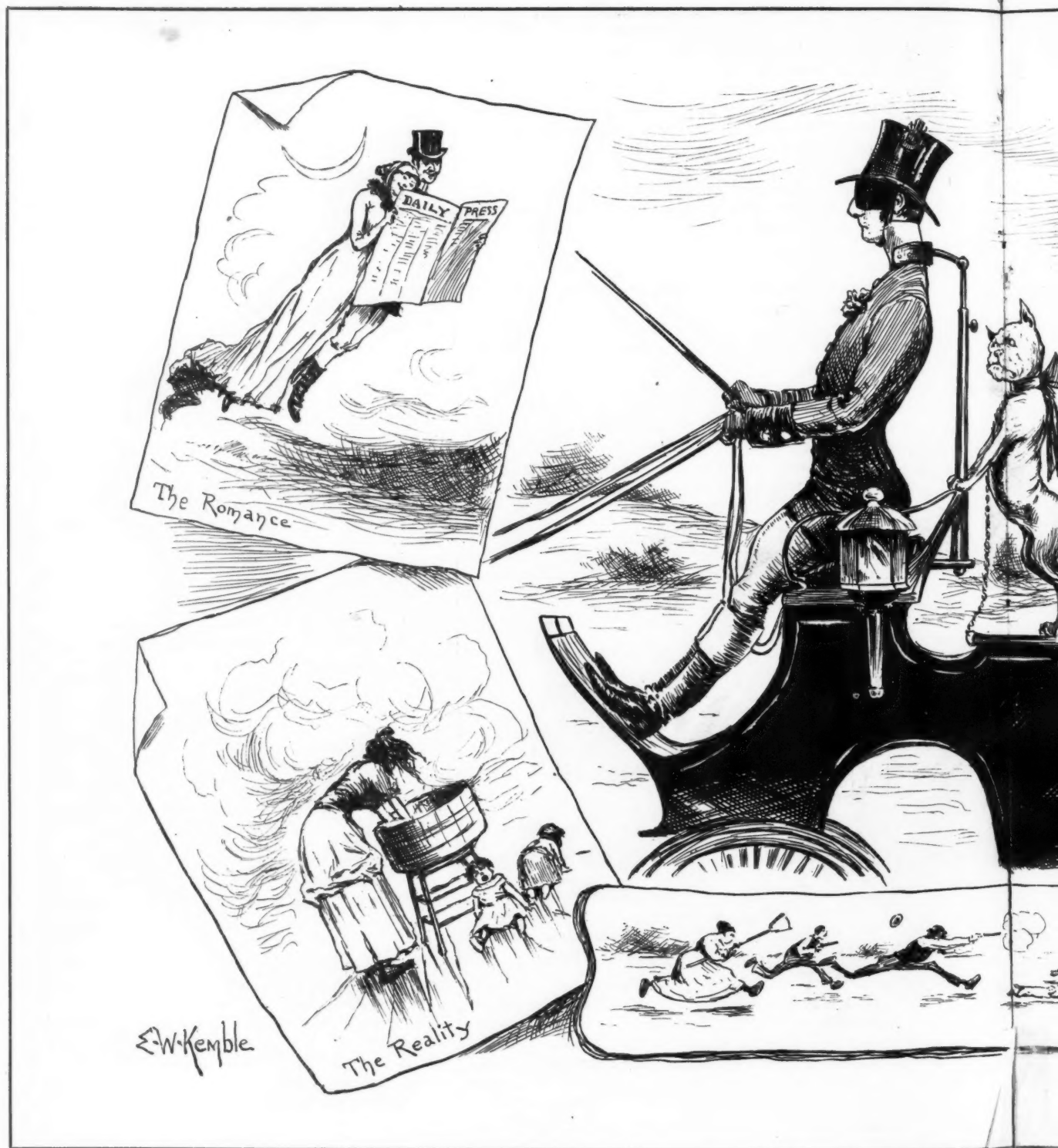
C. H. L.

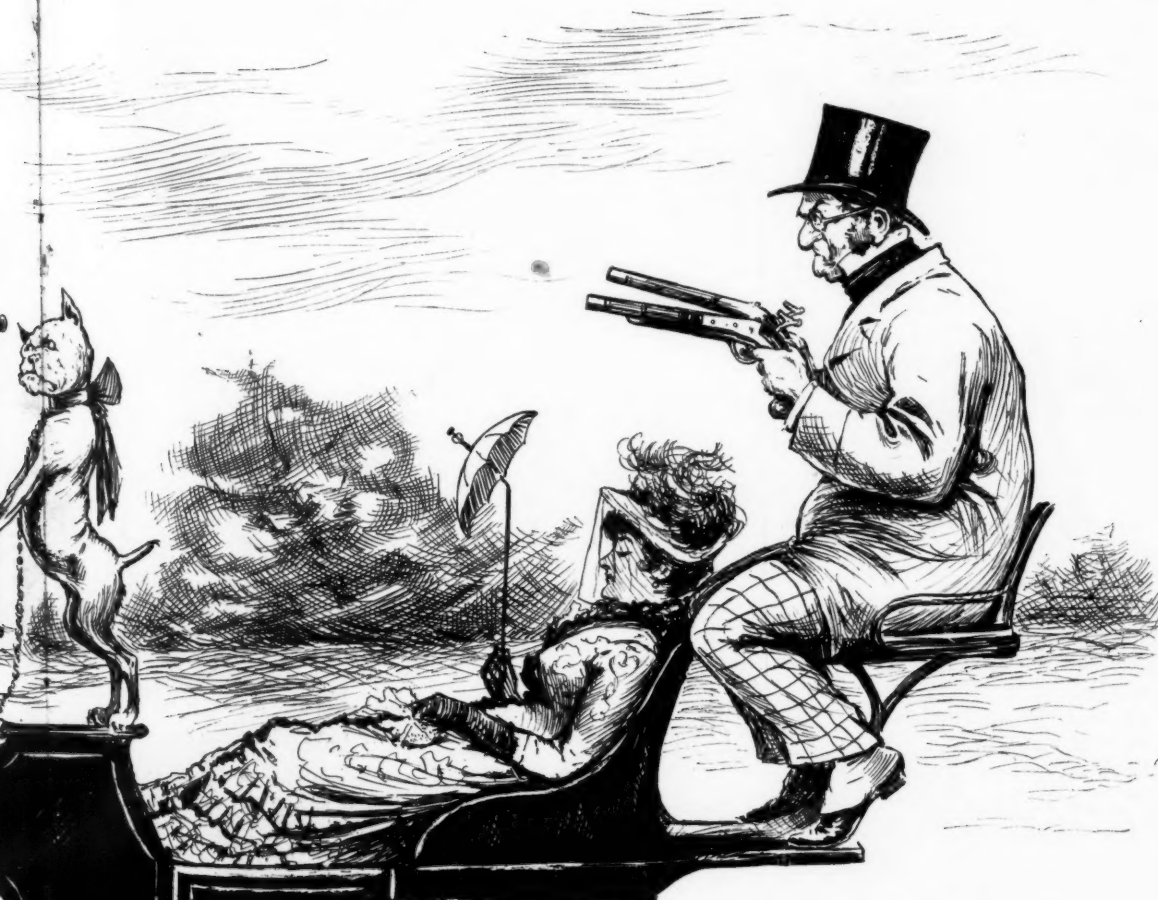
DRUNKARD'S MAXIM—Better tight than lax.

LOVE AND LIVERY.

WERE little Cupid, the God of Love, a visible object to-day, we would doubtless behold him clad in top boots, brass buttons, a tall hat, and whip in hand. His arrows would be changed to lashes, and we would see his subjects bound together, not with the conventional bands of roses, but by harder and more substantial harness.

Our cartoon presents in a vivid way some impressions which fathers of heiresses and owners of horses would do well to study, and if this elopement epidemic, which has played havoc with so many hearts and homes, be lessened in any respect by our artist's suggestions, we shall feel that for this week at least LIFE has been worth the living.





Shall it come to this, that our daughters cannot go driving, without the above precautions?



The coachman of the future



THE COURTSHIP.

"AVE ye plaze, missus," remarked Madame Bridget Maloney to her mistress a few days ago, "oi kem for ter say that oi must be afther lavin' yez."

"Leaving us, Bridget? Why, how is this? Are n't you satisfied with your place?"

"Satuswhoid, is it! Arrah bliss ye, me lady, but its mesilf as 'ud niver be afther lavin' yer but for the fact that oi 'm ter be married one wake ago the coming Choosday!"

"Married? Why, you never told me of it before?"

"Nome. But it's all the same. Ye know yez gave me lave ter go ter the funeril av Biddy Finnigan lasht Froiday, pace to her sowl. Wil, oi wint an' the kyaridges waz that full that it bekem necessary that some wan should roide wid the beraved Finnigan, an' oi bein' an ould frind of the corpse, waz diligated for that plisant dooty. Wil, we barded the Firry boat an the way to the sumitury an' as we kem abresth av the Goovernoor's Oisland, Finnigan lanes oovher ter me, an' wid a shmirk as wud 'ave shtole the heart fram an angel lit alone mesilf, he said: 'Missus Maloney, yez are the charrum av the funeril,' an' so, mum, we fixed the toime far Choosday."

AVERAGE weight of a stupid bore—Generally a simpleton.

A PROPOSAL.

IF in some happy moment I
Should drop some sentimental word,
You need not think I 'm playing sly
To fish, or say your heart 's unstirred:
We 're friends, you know, and as for me,
I 'm sure I would n't purposely
Excite your girlish fears.

Perhaps you know last night you left
Me all alone with scarce a sigh;
Perhaps you think I 'll let the theft
Go—half-forgotten—quickly by;
Perhaps you say that I 'll forget
The kiss upon my lips you set,
And trifle with your tears.

Perhaps (you smile) so slight a loss
Is naught to me,—ah well, perhaps!
Perhaps, like pennies urchins toss
And catch their fortunes in their caps,
You thought to pitch my heart in game
And watch the fate that with it came,—
Perhaps it rolled away.

Well, come to tell the truth,—I flirt:
And you,—without a care or thought,—
You never felt a pain or hurt:
Your meditations come to naught:
You 're silly, like all other girls
That think to tangle in their curls
The hearts with which they play.

Just now I 'm playing sweet with one,—

Well, I do n't mind if I tell you,—
She 's frolicsome and full of fun,
And revels in a bright frou-frou:
Her hair, like yours, is brown and rich,
The prettier,—I can 't say which;
And then, such tender eyes!

I love her just about as much
As I know how,—perhaps 't were best
To say my love for her is such
As better not all be confessed:
I 'm thinking—well, beneath the rose,—
What she will say if I propose,
And trying to surmise.

Of course I know that you do n't care.
Do n't look so very prim and pout!
And when I tell you "who" and "where,"
Do n't run to let the secret out:
Her eyes might glisten with a tear
If she by any chance should hear
That I had told you so.

Hello! and, tell me, what means this,—
This quiver in your pale-grown lips?
I 'm shocked to find you dare to kiss
The hero of so many slips:
And have I asked her?—she, coquette?
I 'm going to this minute, pet,
For now she can 't say "No."

LATEST conundrum on the Rialto—Who was it Sheridan Shook.

THE works of sand (with illustrations) may be had at any Long Branch bathing house.

A PLEA FOR THE "TRIBUNE."

OUR eccentric contemporary, the *Tribune*, gets a rap over the knuckles every few days from the *Post*, which makes the welkin ring. The *Tribune* has at best a nasty row to hoe in this campaign, and it is really a little unsympathetic of the *Post* to speak of its erring brother in such terms as these:

"It follows in this campaign a course of steady, dull lying, unbroken by apology, retraction, or confession; and rational controversy with such an opponent is as difficult as a discussion on ethics with a bunco 'steerer.'"

A CONFIDENCE man—the father confessor.

A TWO-SCENT PINK—The *Evening Telegram*.

"VINDEX.—When men quarrel about a woman do they do wrong to fight?" No, they du-el, of course.



NIP AND TUCK.

A POLITICAL MEETING.

NOTICE. *All persons interested in the success of the Equal Rights Party and the elevation of Belvah Lockwood to the presidency are invited to meet at Harmony Hall, on the Fifteenth instant at seven minutes past umph o'clock, for the formation of a campaign club, and the discussion of other matters relating to the presidential struggle.*

Pursuant to the above notice, a distinguished assemblage of representative females met at Harmony Hall for the purpose stated; Dr. Mary Walker in the chair. After the opening ceremonies had taken place, the chair woman stated that the formation of a campaign club for arousing popular enthusiasm in favor of the People's Choice, Belvah Lockwood (cheers) was an imperative necessity and the only thing that remained to be done was the selection of an appropriate uniform and the election of the necessary officers.

In regard to a uniform, Miss Anna Dickinson suggested red hats, white jerseys and blue skirts; but Dr. Mary Walker insisted that the proper apparel for street marching would be trouserloons. To this suggestion there were marked signs of disapproval. Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox moved that plumes

of crushed strawberry be added to the hats, but Elizabeth Cady Stanton objected on the ground that anything crushed would be inconsistent with their principles and the motion was lost.

Nothing abashed, Mrs. Wilcox moved that old-gold sashes should be worn, but Miss Stanton again objected on the ground that an expression of choice in regard to specie might cost them some greenback votes. This motion was also lost. Miss Mulcahey arose and said, "There was evidently a tendency to run things on the know-nothin' policy with their rid, white and blue gowns and that unless some signs of 'ould Ireland' was brought into the costum' the Irish vote could not be counted upon." At this there was great consternation, and it was immediately agreed that green fichus should be added to the costume. The cardinal principles of the party, equal rights, was never better exemplified than it was when the officers of the Lockwood Legion were voted for. Of the fourteen females present, each woman received one vote. It was rumored very strongly that each individual voted for herself. After a considerable deadlock, Mrs. Tom-ri-John, on account of her military bearing, was nominated by acclamation, for the position of colonel.

The next question before the meeting was the policy to b-



A CORRECTION.

Tommy: WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED? OUR TEACHER HAD A PERPLEXITY SHOCK!

Edith: PERPLEXITY SHOCK! YOU MEAN A PARALYSEL STROKE.

adopted in the running of the campaign. Miss Anna Dickinson believed in an aggressive campaign and Miss Stanton agreed with her. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox preferred a quieter and more soothing method; and promised to furnish a certain number of square feet (Chicago measure) of political poetry calculated to touch the stoniest heart. The offer was gracefully declined. Mrs. Tom-ri-John's paper was selected as the official organ of the Equal Rights Party.

A relative of the late Pydia Linkham kindly offered the use of the cut of that lamented humanitarian and vegetarian, stating that with the change of signature, it would serve as an excellent campaign portrait of the fair Belvah.

This kind offer was at once accepted and a vote of thanks awarded.

The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the chair, after giving three cheers for its candidate in treble tones.

CYNICUS.

“I have found by experience that it takes nineteen Japanese lanterns, forty-six small boys, nine transparencies, one bunch of Roman candles and three cheers in Madison Square to constitute what my friend Dana calls ‘A Tidal Wave Boom.’ ‘Rah for me, anyway.’”—*Butler.*

A WHISKEY straight has been defined as an unmixed evil.

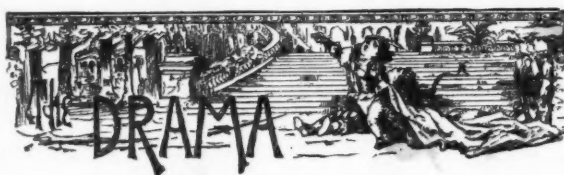
POOR DIET.

THE *Paris Morning News* states that Robert Buchanan is not favorably impressed with America. He is one of the unfortunate persons who are unable to find anything fit to eat in New York. The only thing that seems to thoroughly satisfy Mr. Buchanan is his own work.

From this we imagine that Mr. Buchanan eats his own words.

Poor man!

WHEN a man sets about painting the town red he very rarely uses water colors.



MR. DIXEY IN ADONIS.

MR. DIXEY is not only a thorough artist, but nature has kindly endowed him with advantages which are more than satisfying in themselves. Seldom it is that a New York audience is vouchsafed an entire evening of hilarious delight unmarred by a single coarse allusion or offensive joke and for this we offer Mr. Dixey our heartfelt thanks. His popularity is easily understood. With all his fun and inexhaustible humor there is a certain ease and refinement which have doubtless done much toward his immense success. A frank, handsome face and winning smile are no serious drawbacks, either, and as for Mr. Dixey's legs they are a delight to the eye.

His imitation of Irving is the funniest thing we have ever seen. Nothing could be funnier, and yet it is exactly like Irving, only a little more so. We are inclined to suspect that Mr. Irving himself does not realize how very funny he is.

Mr. William Gill is the author of the play, which purports to be a “Perversion of Common Sense.” It contains many original features, and the dialogue is bright and full of good points. Talamea, a sculptor, has fashioned for the Duchess of Area a statue of Adonis, with which she falls deeply in love. Not wishing her noble patroness to possess it, she calls upon the Goddess Artea to help her out of the difficulty. After some persuasion Artea agrees to gift the marble with life and allow it decide to which it shall own allegiance—its maker, or its purchaser. The trial takes place, the statue comes to life, and the fun begins; and such pure, unadulterated, convulsing fun one seldom has the good fortune to enjoy. The little “tigers” of the Duchess are a great success, and the music throughout is very happily arranged. With Mr. Dixey and the play together the result is an exceptionally good performance, and to those who are afflicted with mental depression in any way or shape we confidently recommend it. If the result is not a permanent cure it will, at least, be a temporary relief.

· LIFE

DO YOU SLEEP?



I am horribly nervous—scarcely get a wink of sleep.

I was precisely that way myself before I took Verve.

INSOMNIA, the great curse of the American people, is the direct result of Nervous Exhaustion, consequent upon Overwork, Worry, and Mental Strain. The common recourse of the sufferer, is to Opium, Morphine, Chloral, Bromides and other drugs whose continued use is fatal.

VERVE.

CONTAINS none of these substances. It is purely vegetable, acts directly upon the exhausted nerve centres, and by its tonic action, produces a healthful, natural sleep, with no after effects. Two or three doses have cured permanently cases of Insomnia, of months' standing. In Neuralgia, Nervous Headache and the loss of energy, following overwork or continued excitement, it is of inestimable value. Merchants and Business men, Clergymen, Lawyers, Authors, and all persons subject to long-continued mental labor, will find natural sleep easily at hand with this remedy in their possession. Its continued use is not necessary. In most cases six or eight doses will restore tone to the nervous system and enable the sufferer to sleep without further treatment.

Order only from reliable druggists, or direct, enclosing \$1, from the

VERVE DEPOT,

65 West 33rd Street,

New York.

SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. AND CANADA.



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Our Cigarettes cannot be surpassed. If you do not use them, a trial will convince you that they have no equal. Two hundred millions sold in 1883. 13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

Gossamer Garments Free!

To introduce "Happy Days," our new 16 page Illustrated Magazine, we will send free to any lady sending 26 cents in stamps for 3 months subscription, two Ladies' Full Size Waterproof Gossamer Garments with catalogue of other rubber goods, provided they will show them to their friends and induce other sales. Address,
PUBS. HAPPY DAYS, HARTFORD, CONN.

Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free. Civilian Agency, 160 Fulton St., N. Y.

POLITICAL THERMOMETER.

The figures given below are taken from the *American Newspaper Annual*, and show the paper having the largest circulation published in each of the Southern and Western States. It also proves that these papers that have the largest influence and largest circulation in their respective States are either DEMOCRATIC or INDEPENDENT.

State. Circulation.	Name of Paper.
Tex., 80,000	Texas Sittings.
Wis., - 75,000	Peck's Sun,
Mo., - 73,000	Republican.
Mich., - 70,000	Free Press.
Ind., - 26,000	Farmer.
Ky., - 26,000	Courier-Journal.
Neb., - 25,139	Bee.
Tenn., - 21,632	Advocate.
Iowa, - 18,000	Hawkeye.
Cal., - 16,000	Call.
Minn., - 15,241	Pioneer Press.
Col., - 15,000	Democrat.
Kan., - 15,000	Times.
La., - 12,220	Times-Democrat.
Ga., - 10,750	Constitution.
Ark., - 10,000	Gazette.
Va., - 8,000	Herald.
W. Va., - 7,000	Register.
Ala., - 6,700	Register.
Ore., - 6,000	Oregonian.
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